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The Mystic Rose

By HUNG LONG TOM

Oh, lovely flower,
From thy sweet perfume
The nightingale draws song.
The stars themselves
Reflect your sadness.
When your head is bowed
In grief over some tragedy
In the garden
They hide behind curtains

Of gray fog.
Oh, Rose,
Perhaps in your fragile
Loveliness
You are but a ghost,
The ghost of a slim young girl
Whose passing
Multiplied the sorrows
Of the world.